

Five, six, seven, eight! by illyx

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Summary:

"“What kind of activity, mom?” Nancy asked, her voice shaking.

Mike, the cheeky fucker, was trying to hide his smirk behind his glass of water.

This could not be good."

Written for Day 3: Humor/Comedy

1. Baby carrots

Author's Note:

Welcome, welcome!

I don't even know how I came up with the idea.

Enjoy! :)

(English is not my first language)

Dinner at the Wheelers could not be described as Jonathan's favourite activity, he would very much prefer dinner with *one* Wheeler, only to climb up to the window in her room and do his, theirs, *favourite* activity. Découpage. Just kidding. It's sex.

However, a Karen Wheeler's roast was not an opportunity you could miss, as Dustin used to say and she could be quite frightening when someone dared to refuse her invitation.

A smile so wide she could be Jack Nicholson's twin, cutting vegetables with the same vehemence he used with the axe in The Shining.

“But I have already made the *baby carrots* ”

So, here he was, sitting between Ted Wheeler, completely focused on the mashed potatoes in front of him -Jonathan swore the man had could only think about one thing at a time, and only if he could see it- and Nancy, who Heaven help him, was rubbing her sock-clad feet against his calf, making it very difficult not to choke on those damned baby carrots.

“Jonathan” Karen began “I heard it was your birthday last week. I haven’t had the chance to wish you a happy birthday. I’m sorry”

“Uhm, yes, it was. Thank you Mrs. Wheeler” Meanwhile Nancy, the little minx, was bringing her foot higher and higher up his leg.

“How many times I’ve told you? Call me Karen, please, sweetheart. As I was saying, turning eighteen is a big deal and I had the best idea for your gift!” she said bringing her hands together.

Nancy suddenly dropped her foot. Confusion and worry on her face. Uh oh.

“Mrs. Wh- Karen, thank you but it’s really not necessary...”

“Nonsense! Nancy, honey, do you remember my friend Gina? The blonde one? From the knitting club?”

“Uhm, maybe?” Nancy offered.

Karen shrugged, dismissing her daughter inexcusable lack of knowledge of her knitting club friends “Well, she got married again and opened up her own business just outside of Hawkins. I figured since you two are always together it would be good to do a fun activity! To strengthen your bond! Don’t you think?”

Oh man, those baby carrots felt like stones in his stomach.

“What kind of activity, mom?” Nancy asked, her voice shaking.

Mike, the cheeky fucker, was trying to hide his smirk behind his glass of water.

This could not be good.

Jonathan took a sip of that red wine, he was sure he was about to need more when Karen squealed: “It’s a *dance studio* !”

Jonathan choked on his wine, spitting on his plate. Oh, boy, this was worse than expected. Nancy looked equally horrified, she opened her mouth to speak but her mother was quicker.

“I have already talked to her, you don’t need to worry about anything, darling. The lessons are once a week, on Tuesday night, because I know Jonathan doesn’t have to work since the cinema is closed, from eight to ten. She promised me she would be there, to make you feel at home!”

Once the link between brain and mouth was restored Jonathan said, with a voice more shaky than when he faced the demogorgon “Thank you, Karen... I... it’s...”

“Wonderful! Right? Nancy, sweetheart, what do you think?”

“Mom, I’m-

"Oh cut it there, young lady! No buts. You'll go, otherwise I'll tell your father what happened to the drainpipe last week." she finished whispering.

Nancy's face went pale, then sighed in defeat.

Ted looked up from his plate "What's up with the drainpipe?"

2. Sinuous

Summary for the Chapter:

Jonathan never really understood how the Upside Down worked, what it was, where it was. Where those slimy slugs came from. However, right now, he just wished a big dark hole would appear under his feet and swallow him. He would gladly accept a facial by those slugs.

Notes for the Chapter:

I fell asleep watching TV last night and completely forgot about updating this. Anyway here we are, a bit late.

I hope you enjoy! ;)

How someone could go from “The Hawkins Ladies’ Knitting Club” to opening a dance studio, Jonathan didn’t know. What he did know is that his feet were not made for dancing.

Actually, scratch that, his whole body was not made for dancing. He could move, but *dance* ? Moving his lower body and his upper body in a coherent way to a song?

Listen, if he didn’t dance when David Bowie suggested it in his song, why would he in a smelly room full of suburban forty-year-old couples?

Nancy kept her hand on his for the whole journey to the dance school, repeating over and over “I’m sorry” “I didn’t know or else I would have stopped her” “Just once, then we can forget about this”

Jonathan sighed. He wasn’t mad at her. How could he? But let’s say he would rather face the demogorgon once again than going into

“EveryDance Studio”, he read on the sign as they parked. Wait, how many types of dances were they going to learn exactly? He really hoped that none involved rotating his hips. Let’s face it, back and forth, no problem, round and round, not so much.

Here goes nothing, he thought as they entered the building.

“Hiya!” rang a voice. “I’m Gina! You must be Nancy! Oh, you’re such a beauty! And this is your boyfriend...”

The petite woman caressed his arms, looking at him from head to toes “ehm.. Jonathan, nice to meet you”

“Well, Jonathan, Nancy, it’s time to start!”

She took both by their hands and dragged them to the locker rooms. “Right one is for men, Left for women. Five minutes max and we’re beginning. Just take off your coat. Your clothes will be fine for this first time”

Jonathan looked down on his jeans and old Converse, what exactly one should wear to dance school?

As they re-emerged from the locker rooms, Nancy took his hand.

“Hey, I just wanted to say thank you, I know it’s tough for you, but we’ll face this together, alright?”

Jonathan nodded, squeezing her hands and dropping a quick kiss on her lips “Together”

“I’ll make it up to you, later” she whispered against the shell of his ear. He definitely hoped so.

They entered a large room, wooden floor and large mirrors on the wall.

There were four other couples, everyone older than them, of course. Well, *at least*, no one recognized him or Nancy.

“It’s time! Please everyone greet our newest additions! Nancy and Jonathan!” Gina said, arms wide.

A few awkward greetings were exchanged, Jonathan pathetically raising his hand up.

“Alright! Now, tonight we’re going to start with a simple Caraibic dance, Salsa! We’ll practice a few steps and then try to dance with our partners. Ready?”

“And FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT!”

Jonathan was always prepared for the worst. He took pride in it, to

anyone who accused him of being pessimistic he replied with the classic “not pessimistic, just realistic”. Growing up with shithead Lonnie did that to him.

He was ready for the monster from the Upside Down to return, he was ready for another exorcism, however painful that might be, ready for another fight. He was not, in fact, ready for these two hours of pure torture.

Nancy, being Nancy, picked up on the steps quickly and everytime he looked at her, her hips swaying with the light music, his brain made the blood go from the muscles in his legs to the appendage *between* his legs. At least he was enjoying some part of this night.

They had started dancing for just a few minutes and he was sweating and clearly getting every step wrong, if it was to the left he went right, if it was forward he went left. He really hoped it would be over soon.

Gina began “Okay, now it’s ti-

“Sorry I’m late! Sorry Gina!” a deep, male voice.

A familiar deep male voice.

Oh, no.

Nancy looked at him, eyes wide.

Uh uh.

This was not happening.

“There was a lot of paperwork at the stat-

“Nancy? Jonathan?”

“Hopper?” they both cried out.

“What are you doing here?”

“What are *you* doing here?” Nancy said.

“You guys know each other? Isn’t that wonderful? Jim you’ll be dancing with me tonight, if that’s alright with you.”

Hopper nodded and sent them a look of disbelief.

Dis his mom know about this? Dis his mom come to this? He certainly hoped not.

Jonathan never really understood how the Upside Down worked,

what it was, where it was. Where those slimy slugs came from. However, right now, he just wished a big dark hole would appear under his feet and swallow him. He would gladly accept a facial by those slugs.

Alternatively, being eaten by a demogorgon would do just fine.

No, he was not being childish. Seeing Jim Hopper sensually sway to the music as he stepped every five seconds on Nancy's toes was like an exorcism, an exorcism of his dignity.

Chief Hopper had the moves he had to admit, beneath that uniform laid a sinuous and passionate dancer. Oh God, no, he was never thinking that again. Ever. What was up with his brain? What was he a writer for an Hallmark moment? Let's stick with good. Hopper was *good*.

"Son, you're—" a big hand impacted with his shoulder. Jonathan was so high-strung he yelped in surprise, his whole body tensing and his left feet stepping, rather violently, on Nancy's right one.

"Ahhh! Ouch, ouch, ouch!" Nancy picked up her foot, hopping on her other leg.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry... does it hurt? Did I break something?"

"I'm fi-aaah"

Everyone had stopped dancing, the Chief trying to support Nancy's weight as they hopped to the nearest bench.

"Ok, everyone! You can practice the basic steps while we see if it's something serious!" Gina said in her shrill voice.

Hopper was examining the damaged feet and said "Gina, I think it might be broken"

You see, he was right. The Demogorgon had never broken anyone's feet.

The trip to the hospital was agonizing, regret and guilt eating him alive. This time around it was him apologizing profusely and Nancy, dismissing all with "Jonathan, it happens" "Don't worry, I'm sure it will heal up quickly" "It doesn't hurt *that* much" "No, you shouldn't call my mom"

When the entered the E.R. Hopper was already there waiting, and as Nancy was brought away to take an X-ray he sat beside him.

"What in *the hell* were you doing there you two?" he asked.

Jonathan didn't have the energy even to blush as he looked at the linoleum floor "Mrs. Wheeler, it was her idea. She can be...

convincing”

“Well, from what I’ve seen tonight, it’s best if you two stick to hunting monsters and taking down government labs or whatever you do when you’re on your secret missions” he said slumping down his seat.

“Should I call her mother? Should I call *your* mother?”

“Wha- No. No. We’re fine. I’ll bring her home, it shouldn’t be long now”

Then he said “So... does my mom know about these dancing lessons you take?”

At that, Jim Hopper blushed, beneath that manly beard, he blushed.

“Nope.”

“Should I tell her you were there?”

“Nope.”

“I’m sure she would like seeing your mo-

“Byers, shut up now or I swear I’m going to tell Joyce about the time I found you and Ms. Wheeler at the Lover’s Lake. Understood?” he threatened him.

Jonathan nodded. *Jeez*, what’s up with everyone blackmailing them for having sex?

“I’m so, so, so sorry” he repeated while bringing her to his car.

“Jonathan” she said cupping his face “it’s alright”

She placed a gentle kiss on his lips.

“You know, I think the cast looks quite good on me”

“*Everything* looks good on you, Nance”

“Mh, Mr. Byers where did you read that? Is it “How to have sex with your freshly injured girlfriend: 10 simple steps”? Are trying to get lucky tonight? ‘Cause I don’t think my ankle agrees too much”

Jonathan laughed, igniting the car. At least they had an excuse not to go to that stupid place anymore.

“I like your ankle”

“Singular?”

“Yes.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Ta daan!

If the last sentences seem random (You'll say: only the last ones? ah ah) it's because they are, or rather they're taken by the video Stranger Things: A Bad Lip Reading, which is pure gold. If you haven't watched it, go now <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S-4rhjO6xYg> (the lines I quoted are around minute 15)

As always, thanks for reading, leaving kudos or a review. They make my day, my week, my life.

Author's Note:

Uh oh.

Let's put our boogie shoes on.

Thank you for sticking with me :)